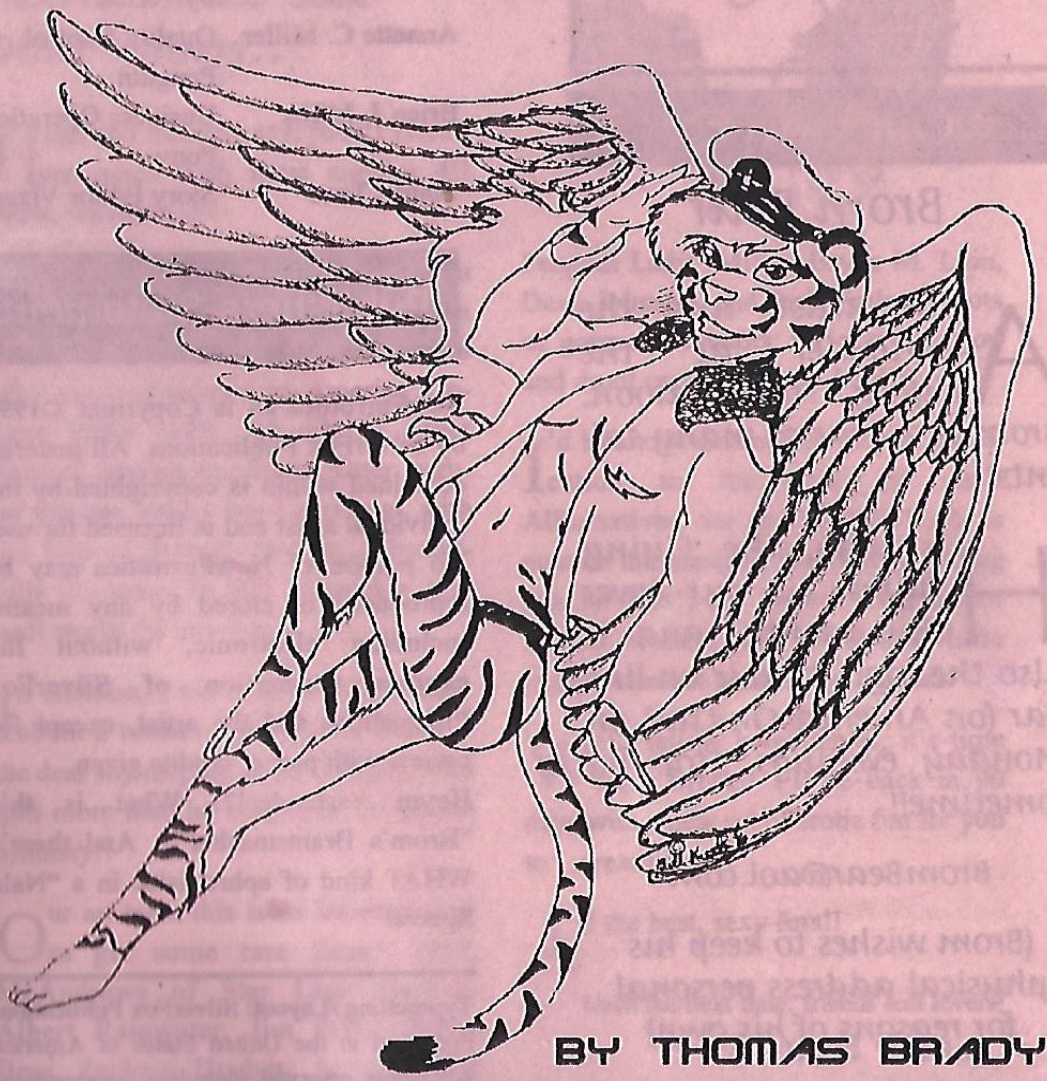
$4.50

SilverFox Publications

New Furrottica

The Anthropomorphic Review Of Erotic Art and Literature

AN OTTER'S TAIL



BY THOMAS BRADY

ADULTS ONLY

WINTER 1997

Our Cover...

Brom Bear

A fine artist, and the bartender at the Flying Tiger Saloon, Brom is a bear of many talents!

His logo, the Flying Tigress, is our cover this month, and is also the logo for our on-line bar (on America On-Line) on Monday evenings. Stop by sometime!!

BromBear@aol.com

(Brom wishes to keep his physical address personal for reasons of his own)

NewFurrottica

Volume I, Number 4
Winter 1997

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Heym bartender!?! What is this "Brom's Brainsmasher"... And there's WHAT kind of aphrodisiac in a "Nala Special"?

Typesetting /Layout: SilverFox Publications
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NewFurrottica

The Anthropomorphic Review Of Erotic Art And Literature

Autumn 1997

Vixen's View

Of Snowballs, Sexyfurs, and Some Other things...

Hugs and nuzzles, everyone!! Here I am again with issue number 4!! Wow, we made it!!

In this issue, a special treat!! In "An Otter's Tail", Tom Brady presents an inside look at a fun place many of us who are participants in America On-Line know well, the Flying Tiger Saloon! ShyFox and Emma Otter, regular patrons, have a brief interlewd, with the help of Sylver's toybox..... beautifully illustrated by Bill Schmickle, it is well worth the savoring!!

In addition, I am back in a little story about a birthday party for a friend.... the dear shy mephit, Sean Cologne, who gets more than he bargained for on his birthday!!

Our art team this issue has managed to get some rare finds!! Matt McAndrews of Star Line Studios, Albert Rainwater, Jim Price, Brom Bear, Zephrey Hughes, Annette "the Penguin Lady" Miller, Bryan M. Lion, Dean Johnson, and Jack Furlong. Lots of gorgeous artwork for you to enjoy and drool over!! (I know I did!!)

I'd like to welcome our newest publication to the fold as well! AlFurnatives, our gay lifestyle book, is now on the market!! Hats (and anything else he likes!) off to our AlFurnatives Editor Mykah, the wonderful little jaguar who has undertaken the task

Well, fellow lovebunnies, it's time for a break!! I'll be back in 90 days with a new set of erotic fun for you to ...dream over!!

All the best, sexy furs!!

Until the next time, friends and lovers!

E'lantii Tana

Adult Editor

An Otter's Tail

Thomas G. Brady

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Do not store, transmit, or distribute this material in any form, mechanical or electronic, without the express written permission of the author. This story is intended for adult furries over 21 only. If you're not, then stop reading this, delete this file, go watch the Cartoon Network, and maybe, just maybe, I won't send the MiB to deal with you. Then again, you wouldn't remember if I did ...
... and neither would I. ;^)

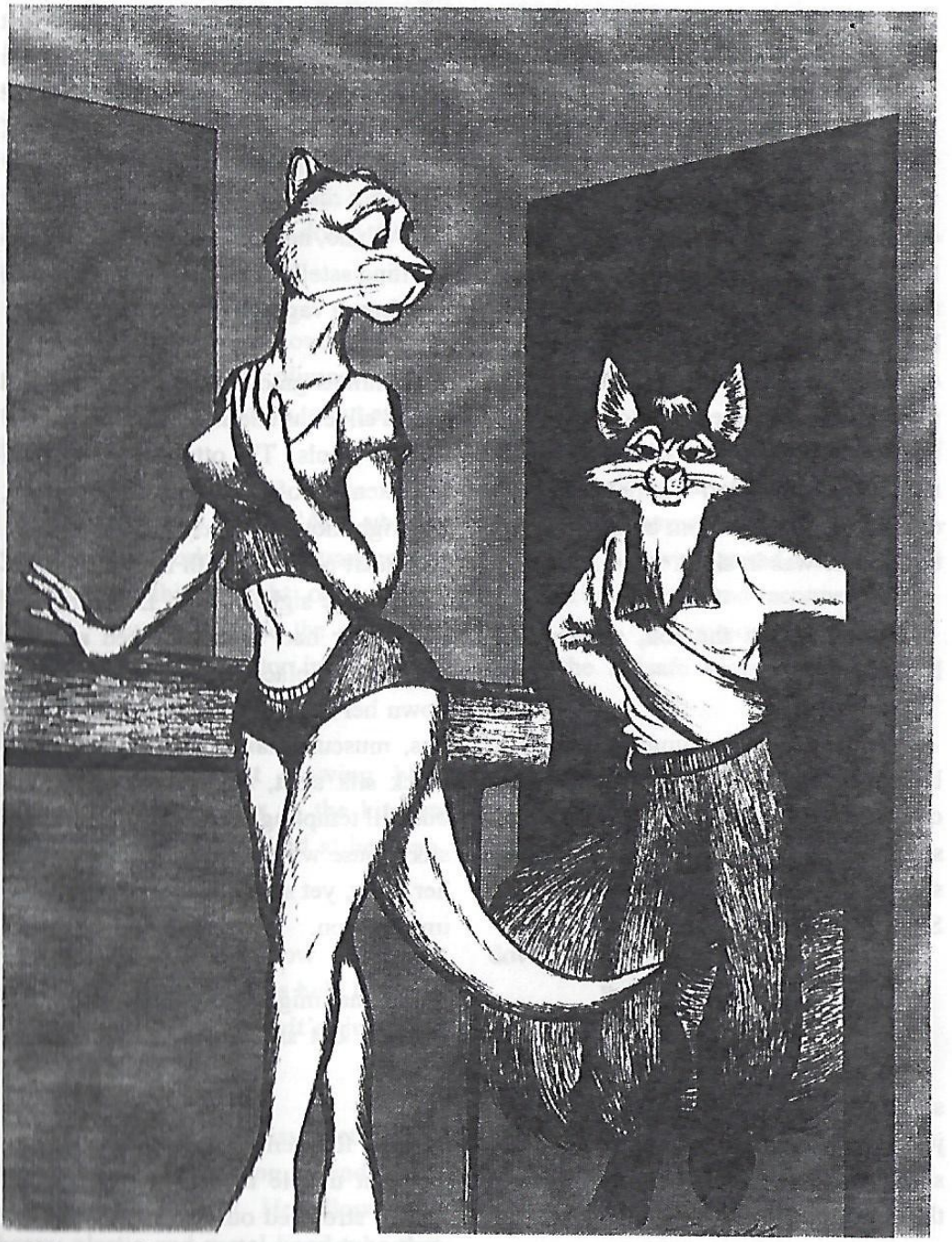
A plume of dust blanketed the landing field as the grey-greenish tinted spacecraft set down. The hot tropical winds carried the dust away as the landing thrusters and anti-gravity pulse fields dissipated with a sigh. The ship taxied clear of the old style runway, quadruple sets of thick tires inflating around each of the four landing struts, allowing the craft to role easily across the worn pavement and off onto a grassy clearing.

The cargo ship pulled in next to the rotting remains of an ancient bi-winged flying machine. Outdated even for this world, the old aircraft had been left to collapse in its own rust near the edge of the palm forest that dominated this remote island. To the right of the ship stood the only permanent structure about, an ungainly and complicated looking building, build partly of wood with straw thatch for a roof, and partly of modern duracrete and ceramics. Blaster burns and caked on dirt made it hard to tell which of the sections were older.

With a gentle hiss of equalizing pressure the side hatch of the cargo ship dropped open, lowered slowly by a silvery pneumatic support. Out of the hatch descended the ship's single occupant, a light tanish colored fox-morph, wearing simple civilian clothes. He had visited this place many times, and knew there was no need for an environment suit. Indeed, today the air smelled wonderful, sweetened by the many jungle blossoms, electrified by the thunderstorms which had passed over earlier in the afternoon, or so his scanners had indicated during the approach.

He stepped lightly around to the front of the building, observing the width and breadth of the landing strip, and the building's attached hangar and fueling station. Not a spacecraft could be seen, nor were there any of this world's more primitive aircraft about. No broomsticks had been left by the door with care, and no other known methods of transport were in evidence.

The power was on, though, and the front door stood unlocked and open,



inviting to all. The sign above glowed brightly in its reds and blues, the fluorescent ballast humming steadily, *"The Flying Tiger Saloon."*

The fox entered the building, his footsteps making the hardwood floor creak, echoing down the empty entry hall. He passed the smaller billiards room to the left, and the darts and jomquatts rooms to the right, both empty. But his sharp hearing could pick out something, just a hint of tinkling glass, and a faint scratching or clawing. He

fingered the quick-blaster concealed in the front pocket of his trousers.

Only half the lights in the main hall were glowing, and none of the candles were lit. Still, that was not unusual this early. All the tables looked clean and fresh, with the chairs still stacked up on most of them. The floor sparkled, freshly mopped and polished, with the soft, eerie reflections of the Tiki masks mounted high on the walls looking back instead as if they were somehow floating beneath the floor. There was another clinking of glass from behind the bar, but no one was in sight.

"Hello?" said the fox, announcing his presence.

"Eeep!" Emma jumped out from behind the bar, sudden terror lining her otterish face. But it faded just as fast, as she put her palm on her breast and sighed with relief, "Oh, it's only you Shy."

"Hi. Um, where's Brom?"

"Said he had to run and pick up some stuff, and all the regulars should just make themselves at home?" She shrugged as she came out from behind the bar.

"How did you get here," the fox asked. "I didn't see any other craft outside."

"I beamed in."

"You mean you actually trusted that thing?!" He pointed his thumb at the humming, half disabled teleporter in the corner of

the wide room.

"Oh no, not that way. Via one of the orbiting satellite thingies." She wiggled her thumb vaguely toward the ceiling.

Emma's graceful figure flowed like liquid silver as she slid up on one of the tall bar stools. The otterette always had the attention of every male in the place, and right now that meant the fox alone. His heart pounded with nervous excitement at the sight of her. Every follicle of her fur had been groomed and lay exactly in place, smooth and oiled, down her long graceful legs and sinuous, muscular tail. She wore a short black silk skirt, not quite knee length but still temptingly inviting, and a white silk blouse which followed the curve of her body, yet still left everything to the imagination.

Emma might not be a vixen, he thought, but she was certainly just as sexy.

The fox remained still, trying not leer, but unable to help himself. The silence stretched out for an uncomfortable length of time.

"Um, say, do you know how to use Brom's drinks replicator?" Emma asked, sounding as controlled as ever, "I couldn't make it do anything."

"Oh. Yea, sure. I think." Thankful for the reprieve, the fox nearly leapt over the bar. "Lessee here then now, you press this button here," which he did, "and then the screen is suppose to come on and list a menu with pictures. But it doesn't seem to be doing that at all."

She leaned partway over the bar, giving the fox a slight glimpse of her cleavage, "Don't you have to put a glass inside first?"

He took a step back. "Aha, uh, no, you don't. It works like the transporter, materializes things right out of raw energy. You should see the computer and anti-matter generator in back that makes this thing work."

"That's what that glowing blue cylinder and black box in the kitchen are!" She sounded excited at her sudden realization.

"Yep. Only right now it doesn't seem to be working." He held his chin in his palm, "Maybe it's just not plugged in."

That would be too easy, thought the fox, but he began poking around in the cabinets none the less. He followed the heavy plastic and metal lined tube that led from the back of the replicator down through the center cabinets of the bar. It ended next to the plumbing for the sink. Emma followed his progress from the other side of the bar, listening to his thumps and the clinking of glass.

"Now where ... there it is. Now, to just move this box out of the way ... YOWCH!!" He jumped back, landing on his tail near the mirror lined liquor cabinet that ran the length of the back wall.

"Are you all right?" Emma giggled at the fox sitting on the floor, sucking on his index finger.

"Yea. But this box here has been shoved back so far it partially disconnected the Plasma Backfeed Conduit." Wrapping a towel around his hand, he reached back under and reconnected the errant pipe. "It is major hot, too. Good thing the failsafe kicked on, or pow! Big fire."

"And the failsafe is what kept it from working?"

"Yep. And a good thing, too. Brom would be pissed if the building burned down."

"Again."

"Yea, again. Let's move this somewhere else." The fox grunted, and lifted the heavy wooden box onto the bar. "Good grief, what's in this anyway!?"

Emma's ears perked up, and her tail went all quivery, "Uh, that's Sylver's Toybox. Best put it someplace discrete."

"Toy box?" said the fox as he

opened the lid. He raised his eyebrow, but otherwise kept his composure upon looking at the contents. Just how much did the otterette know about this box, he wondered? He removed one of the stainless steel rods, reading the engraved label, " Tentacles of Love. Press here to activate.' But there's no button..."

"Be careful with that!"

Too late, the fox's thumb rubbed the gadget just right, and both ends erupted in a pair of writhing segmented metal tentacles. They scanned for someone or something within their programmed parameters, but could sense nothing immediate or within range. So instead the fiendish things clamped down on the fox's nose and whiskers. "Ow! Yarf!!"

"Hold still now," said Emma, as the little machine began to reel in its catch. She slowly reached out to the body of the device, and pushed the recessed buttons near both ends. The tentacles snapped loose and retracted, leaving the fox counting

his whiskers.

"Nasty metal thing," he said. "Bet it was Made in Japan.'"

"Would explain a lot," replied the otterette with a giggle. "Still, it's more comfortable than ropes or handcuffs."

"Eh?" Again the fox raised only his eyebrow, keeping his composure. There were no glasses on the bar, and she didn't sound tipsy, but then that last statement would not be something you would tell just anybody.

"Ropes chafe and pull on the fur, you know?" She raised her eyebrow.

"Depends on the rope, and how it's tied," replied the fox, not meeting her gaze, but instead looking into the box.

"Oh really? So show me," said Emma.

"What?"

"You heard me." She winked at him as he looked up, and swallowed his soul with her rich brown eyes. "Or are you as shy as you pretend?"

Was she serious? He hardly knew her, a casual acquaintance and nothing more. But sitting there, black and white cotton and silk about her, in the subdued light ... how could he refuse?

"Okay, um, place your hands up on the bar," said the fox as he rummaged about in the box, careful to avoid any of the other sinister plastic and metal devices. His hands emerged holding a loose collection of light brown ropes, which he dropped in a pile between them.

Emma watched with keen attention as the fox untangled one from the pile, about three feet long and with each end knotted to prevent them from unraveling. The ropes were like those used to

hang drapes or curtains, made of soft, lightweight, fine yarn, woven into two strands which in turn together made a strong yet exquisitely soft binding. He took her hands gently in his, and wrapped the rope loosely about her wrists four times, making sure her palms and wrists faced together. He then paused in his actions, holding the loose ends to either side.

"Not too tight?"

To answer she pulled free with ease, holding her hands out as if in accomplishment. "Not at all."

"Silly," said the fox, and playfully swung one end of the rope, bopping the otterette on the nose. "I wasn't finished yet."

Again he took her hands in his, and wrapped the rope about them. This time he didn't pause, but instead looped the loose ends around the coils between her wrists, synching them down till they were snug. He finished with a simple square knot, and looked into her widening eyes.

"Not cutting off your circulation, is it?" The fox gently massaged her fingers.

"Huh? Oh, no, not at all."

Emma tried to pull her hands free by sliding one wrist along the other, as she had before. It would not work, though, nor could she twist her hands or arms about to work free. Yet the careful crossing between her wrists did not cause undue pressure, or any pain. The ropes were just tight enough that she could feel her quickening pulse, but not enough to stop it. This binding was a secure as any set of metal handcuffs, and far more comfortable.

She sat a moment, resting her chin on her bound hands, as though meditating, with her fingers intertwined. But the mischievous glint returned to her eyes.

"This still won't hold me," she said just before she bit into the knot. Her speed at unraveling it surprised the fox, even given that it was such a simple knot. She again dropped the rope in a neat pile on the bar, smiling with her accomplishment.

"Okay," said the fox, wondering just how far this game might go, "Can I try again?"

"Sure." She clasped her hands together and offered them to him.

Instead of taking them, the fox crossed over to the computer console at the end of the counter, where he tapped in a quick command to set the security system's early warning scanner on. "This way we'll know if anyone approaches the island, so somebody doesn't stumble in and get the wrong idea."

"And just what are you planning?"

He circled around to the front of the bar and stalked toward her, drinking in another longing look of the otterette's curvaceous body, with her swinging, sassy tail. He stepped behind her, "This, little lady, is what I am planning."

The fox pulled Emma's hands behind her, swiftly but gently. She reacted by playfully pushing at him with her tail. He fell to one side for a moment, knocked slightly off balance, as the otterette giggled at her own strength.

He made a more determined effort, pressing up against her back to pin her raised tail between the two of them. He snatched the rope from the counter, then again pulled her hands behind her, quickly tying them with the same technique as before.

It did not take her long to realize that this time he had her. She tried to wiggle her hands free, but could not. The fox had left the rope a little looser, to allow for the angle of her arms behind her back and tail, but it was still more than snug enough to restrain her. She also realized that her bound hands kept her from lowering her tail, which had in turn pulled her short skirt well up her shapely thighs. She found her pulse quickening with every breath.

The fox, too, noticed her excitement in addition to his own. Her scents were growing thick in the air as she tried to figure a way to use her tail to work the rope loose, and could not. He backed away a little, keeping his hands on her shoulders with just enough of a grip to prevent her from slipping off the bar stool.

She would not be free, not until he released her, but by the defiant, lustful sparkle in her eye, the twitching tip of her tail, the fox knew that was not what she wanted. Emma had entered the game freely, but how far did she want him to go?

"So, now that you have me prisoner, just what will you do with me?" Although she tried to sound like she was pleading with her captor, the taunting sparkle in her wide eyes told the fox all he needed to know. She wasn't ready to stop, not by far.

"I think you need to relax a little."

He started gently massaging her shoulders, sliding his thumbs along to her neck. She sighed, visibly enjoying his touch. From her neck he worked his way down her back in a slow, rolling, two handed caress, stopping short of the small of her back as her breathing began to jump. Ticklish maybe? He would save that thought for another time.

He ran his hands up her back, parallel to her tail, feeling her lightly pressing it against his chest. Her silken blouse rippled beneath his fingers, and he wished it was her fur his fingers were rippling. And why not?

The fox rubbed around her shoulders, then slid his hands to her neck and down to the first button on the front of her blouse. Emma's tension level jumped and she went momentarily rigid. Had he made his move too soon?

"All you have to do is say stop."

"I trust you," she said in a whisper. "Besides," she leaned her head back to look up into his eyes, allowing his fingers to lightly caress her throat, "how could I refuse my captor?"

He worked his way slowly down her front, parting each button in turn. The silk felt slick against his fingers, warmed by the press of his hands, and by their growing passion. He slid his hands back up along the leading edge seems, gently pulling the front of her blouse free from the hem of her skirt.

Otters, like all mustelids, carried a unique odor, and Emma's became tantalizingly apparent as the fox rubbed her bare shoulders, pushing the now open blouse away as he went. He could feel the natural oils that moisturized her lush fur coat as he ran his fingers, hard then soft, around the base of her neck. She rocked her head, and the tip of her tail, back and forth to his rhythm, the pupils of her eyes growing wider with each stroking movement. He then drew his hands down the length of her arms, pushing the sleeves of her blouse along to just past her elbows, where her bound hands and her raised tail revented him from going any further.

The fox had expected to find her wearing some sexy black silk brassier beneath her blouse. At least that would have fit the seductive image of her outer garments. But her bra was simple, understated, a cottony white with little light blue flowers. It blended perfectly with the milky white, downy soft fur of her breast and stomach.

The fox ran his fingers lightly under and along the midriff band, feeling the smooth cotton blending with her fur. His fingers dallied, tempted to peel back the soft, diminutive covering, but instead he worked his way down to her belly, drawing light circles with his fingers.

Emma nearly jumped from her stool as his fingers passed around her stomach to her soft sides, just beneath her ribs. He quickly grabbed her by her shoulders, to keep the otterette from losing her balance. A little ticklish there too. He would remember that spot, as well.

He continued his massage, beginning again at her shoulders. This time he alternated between light caresses and hard rhythmic, almost grinding motions. He dug his fingers, claws and all, deep into her fur, nearly but not quite hard enough to scratch her skin beneath. Instead of circular motions, he slowly ran his raking claws in straight lines up and down, first her upper arms, and then her tail, making her shiver with delight. His claws left long furrows in

her fur, deep shadowy lines which he would then smooth and flatten with soft circular motions of his palms, only to create them again on the next hard downward or upward stroke. The oils of her body built up under his claws, and put a sheen on the pads of his palms, making each massaging stroke smoother than the last.

"That feels," said Emma, between pauses for breath, "absolutely ... incredible! It's like ... a stiff brushing."

"I'm glad you're enjoying it." The fox rested his chin on top of her head, with her twitching tail-tip sandwiched against his neck. The tangy scent of romance permeated the atmosphere, almost thick enough to see. His own arousal felt evident, too.

The fox stretched his arms along Emma's tail, pausing to hold her bound hands for a moment and gently rub them, "Alright?"

She nodded, making his chin bounce up and down. She knew he was just making sure she didn't lose the circulation to her fingers. As he had said, the ropes were not uncomfortable; she had almost forgotten that they held her captive.

Her wrists twisted in his grip, and the fox guessed at Emma's thoughts as she re-tested her bonds. She "eeped!" as he reached down to her behind and slowly scratched the root of her tail, feeling her cotton panties softly with his thumbs, then drawing his fingers tightly up her tail to where her arms held it in place.

"Good," he whispered in her ear, "I am not nearly finished with you."

From her bound arms, the fox drew his massaging fingers up the small of her back to the waistband of her bra, drawing the outline with the tips of his fingers. He followed the thin straps up her shoulder blades, gently running his finger underneath the straps, then slowly pulling them free and letting them slide partway down her arms. He could hear her breath quicken at the slight pressure of his fingers, and at the release of the straps. Her tail stirred against his chest in rhythm to his own heartbeat as she anticipated his next move.

Not wanting to disappoint her, he softly pressed his fingers down her front, following the still partially covered outline of her breasts. He twisted the front clasp of her bra, releasing it with a snap, and pulled the frilly piece of cloth back along her arms. Emma arched her back to assist, and would have helped him pull it free of her arms if not for her bound hands. Like her blouse, just past her elbows was as far as it would go.

The fox ran his fingers through the fur of her breasts, which felt as silky soft as a newborn's downy undercoat. They were neither large and pliable, or small and pert, but rather matched the

smooth, sleek, muscular lines of the rest of her body. He gently massaged her with the entirely of his hands, feeling her hardening nipples under his palms. With his fingers he drew circular patterns in the fur around her breasts, feeling her press back against his body whenever his claws scratched down to her skin.

Each time one palm or the other passed between her breasts, he could feel the beat of her heart, its pounding matching what he felt against his own chest, passing through her tail. He could also feel a gentle rumble in her throat, and hear what he thought was a purr, punctuated by gentle pips and squeaks. Emma's eyes were now tightly shut, her breathing shallower with each passing moment. Their bodies swayed back and forth in a rhythm controlled by the fox's talented hands.

He cupped her breasts in his hands, feeling the firm flesh, the soft fur, as he again tweaked her nipples. This nearly sent her over the edge, and the muscles of her tail spasmed in reflex, pushing the fox away. Again her strength surprised him as he stumbled, grabbing the bar to keep from falling.

"Oops," said Emma with a giggle.

"We need to do something more to ... restrain that tail," said the fox as he regained his footing and his composure. He pulled a longer length from the pile of soft ropes, and slowly wrapped it about the otterette's upper body, twice above and below her breasts. He then cinched it tight with a simple knot behind, pinning her arms, and most important, the upper part of her tail, firmly to her body.

"Now, something else, to finish you off." He stepped over to the toy box, "Don't go anywhere."

"Oh, funny fox!" She squirmed once, testing what he had done, and concluded that she certainly was in his control now. He rummaged carefully through the box, again making sure not to set off any of the unscrupulous devices therein. A black leather bridle caught his eye, but that wasn't what he had seen before. Naturally, being made of heavy steel, they had already settled to the bottom.

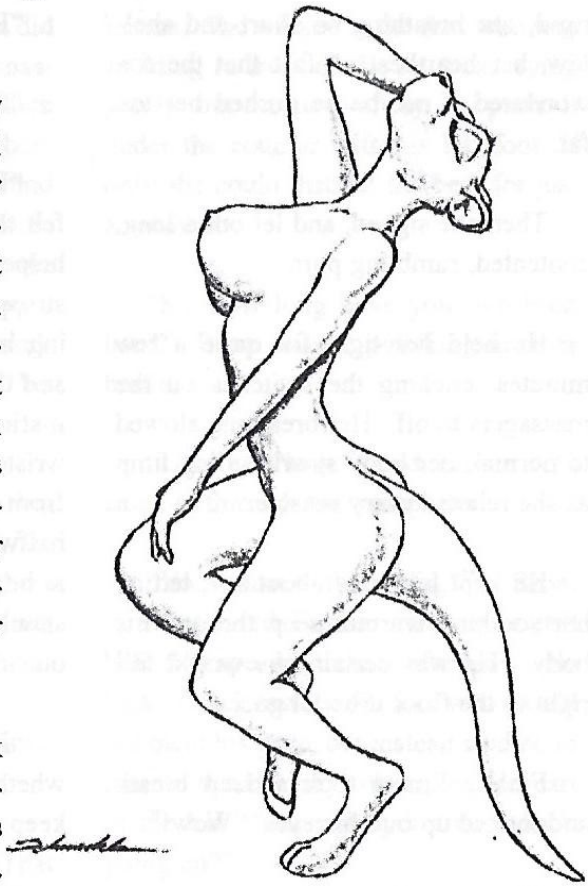
Both hands disappeared into the box. When they emerged, both cupped golden metal disks. The fox secured the finger straps snugly, and felt the measured weight, the cool metal of each electric massager. Although the battery covers rubbed a little against the back pad of each of his palms, the bottom side felt smooth as glass. Each device was rounded, the bottom convex, and just small enough to fit his palms perfectly, leaving his fingers free to work their magic. He fingered the tiny switch on the side of each item, and took up his stance behind Emma.

The otterette waited for what seemed an eternity, knowing he was back there, wondering where his first

touch would be, and wanting it everywhere. He waited for her tension to build, as she nervously looked to one side, and then the other. Even to their sensitive hearing, the buzzing of the massagers was nearly silent, although the fox felt quite certain it wouldn't take the vibrating gadgets long to numb his

fingers.

Again he started slow, lightly touching, pressing the smooth, cool metal surfaces against her shoulder blades, around her neck and backbone. Emma gasped at his first touch, feeling the vibrations down her spine. The new ropes prevented her tail from lashing about, but they also prevented his hands from traveling up and down her back as before. Instead, he worked in sections, above and below, rubbing her quivering tail and feeling the snuggly warmth between it and her back.



He leaned her slightly back with a soft pull on her shoulder, letting her tail again press against his chest, feeling her pounding pulse. She squirmed and tried to twist about as he let the massagers tickle her stomach and the bottom of her rib cage. Instinctively, but playfully, he bit and chewed on her right ear as she twisted and pressed her head up against his neck and chin, purring and chirping deeper and louder with each passing moment. She arched her back as he cupped and kneaded herbreasts, nearly pushing him over even with her tail firmly secured to her back.

His fingers scratched along the ropes pulled tight across her chest, heightening the sensation of their confining, restricting presence. It felt far more wonderful that she had imagined it would, and wanted desperately to turn about and take the fox in her arms. This in turn made her squirm harder against her bonds, wanting to feel his hands everywhere on her body, and to share with a tight hug in return. But she couldn't. All she could do was enjoy the pleasures he gave, drink it in, and give nothing in return.

The fox could tell Emma was right on the edge of her climatic plateau, and it would take very little more to push her over. With his right hand still rubbing between her breasts, he reached down with his left, letting it slide past the waistband of her skirt, down to where no gentlefox would dare reach. It took barely a moment for Emma to go

rigid, her breathing so short and shallow, her heartbeat so fast that the fox wondered if maybe he pushed her too far.

Then she sighed, and let out a long, contented, rumbling purr.

He held her tight for quite a few minutes, clicking the switches on the massagers to off. Her breathing slowed to normal, her body slowly going limp as she relaxed every muscle.

He kept his arms about her, letting her soothing warmth seep through his body. He was certain she would fall right to the floor if he let go.

Finally Emma took a deep breath and looked up into his eyes, "Wow!"

"Yea, wow."

"I had no idea ..."

"Neither did I," he said.

She sat up. "You mean you've never?"

"No, not like this."

The shrill screeching of the proximity alarm the fox had set shattered their quiet reverie, and they both nearly jumped out of their furry skins. It was closely followed by the pounding roar of a four engine aircraft passing over the building.

"Brom's back," said the fox.

"Quick, get me out of this."

"What? Oh, right, yea." His fingers felt thick and clumsy as he rushed, not helped at all by the massagers still strapped to his palms. The knot securing her hands came free easy enough, and the rope dropped to the floor. She instinctively rubbed her hands and wrists, brushing the rope's indentations from her fur. She pulled her bra halfway on, and this did not help the fox as he tried to remove the rope about her shoulders. The arriving plane pulled up outside, it's engines cutting to silence.

"Hurry up!" Emma wasn't sure whether she should be worried, or just keep giggling.

"I'm trying. Hold still already!"

He finally managed to pull the rope free of her lashing tail. He then pulled her blouse up about her shoulders as she fastened and straightened her bra. The fox gathered up the scattered ropes into a pile on the bar.

"Hey ho, who's here?" came a call from outside. The deep voice could command attention from a mile, or over any engine noise.

Emma fastened the buttons of her blouse, then tucked it in to the waistband of her skirt. She smoothed out the wrinkles, returning to the sexy, seductively clad otterette that could take any

male's breath away. The distraction did not help the fox, as he ripped the massagers from his hands, and shoved them and the pile of rope back into the box. He nearly dropped it to the floor behind the bar, straightening up just as Brom crossed the main threshold into the room. The big black bear carried a cardboard box filled with tinkling, multicolored bottles of alcohol under his arm as if it were a feather pillow.

"Greetings Emma, fox." The big bear crossed to the bar, depositing the box on top. "Saw your ship out there fox, got the meteorite damage repaired, I see."

"Um, yea." The fox looked away. "What's in the box?"

"Supplies for the evening. That replicator doesn't want to work."

"Oh, I fixed that for you. Just like the hyperspace drive power system on my ship. No problem."

"Hey thanks. What was wrong?" Brom circled around the end of the bar, picking up a towel. He polished each bottle as he took them from the box, then stacked them neatly on the mirrored shelves behind.

"Nothing much. A box or something had been pushed up against the connector under the sink, and disconnected it."

"Could have started a fire," said Emma. She winked at the fox, who was standing in front of the toy box, trying gently but unsuccessfully to push it under the counter with his left foot. If only she could distract the bear for just a moment.

"So, how long have you two been here?" Brom asked, polishing another bottle.

"Um, not long," said Emma. "I came in through the transporter."

"You trusted that thing?" Brom turned toward Emma. Her eyes still held that special dreamy afterglow. He looked back toward the fox, who would not meet his gaze, but instead studied in minute detail every other possible part of the bar. "All right you two, what's going on?"

"Who, what?" "Us?"

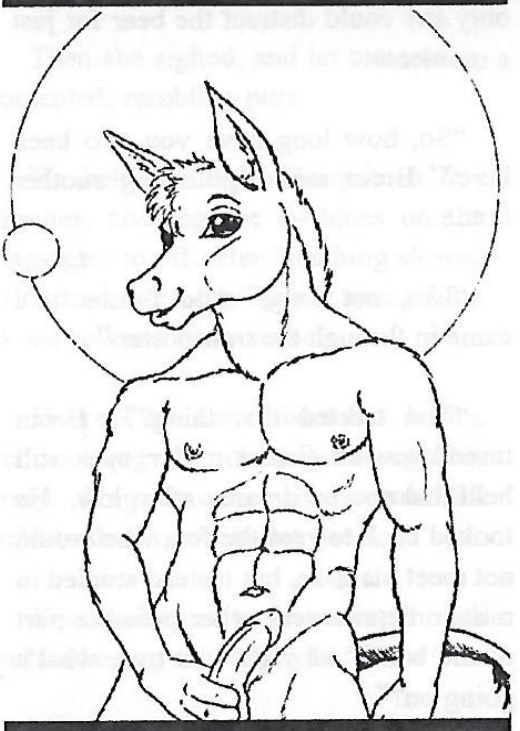
"Yes, you. And what's with the box behind you?"

The fox finally applied enough pressure, and Sylver's Toybox slammed under the counter."What box?" said the fox and the otterette together.

Brom could only laugh.

*Editor's Note: For those of you who have never visited the Flying TigerSaloon, it is an online AOL chat room. Normally, things aren't quite like they are in this story... but the Tenticulator™ is a fiendish deivce of Sylver's concoction. Don't ask, you might not want to know!! *giggle!**

AlFurnatives



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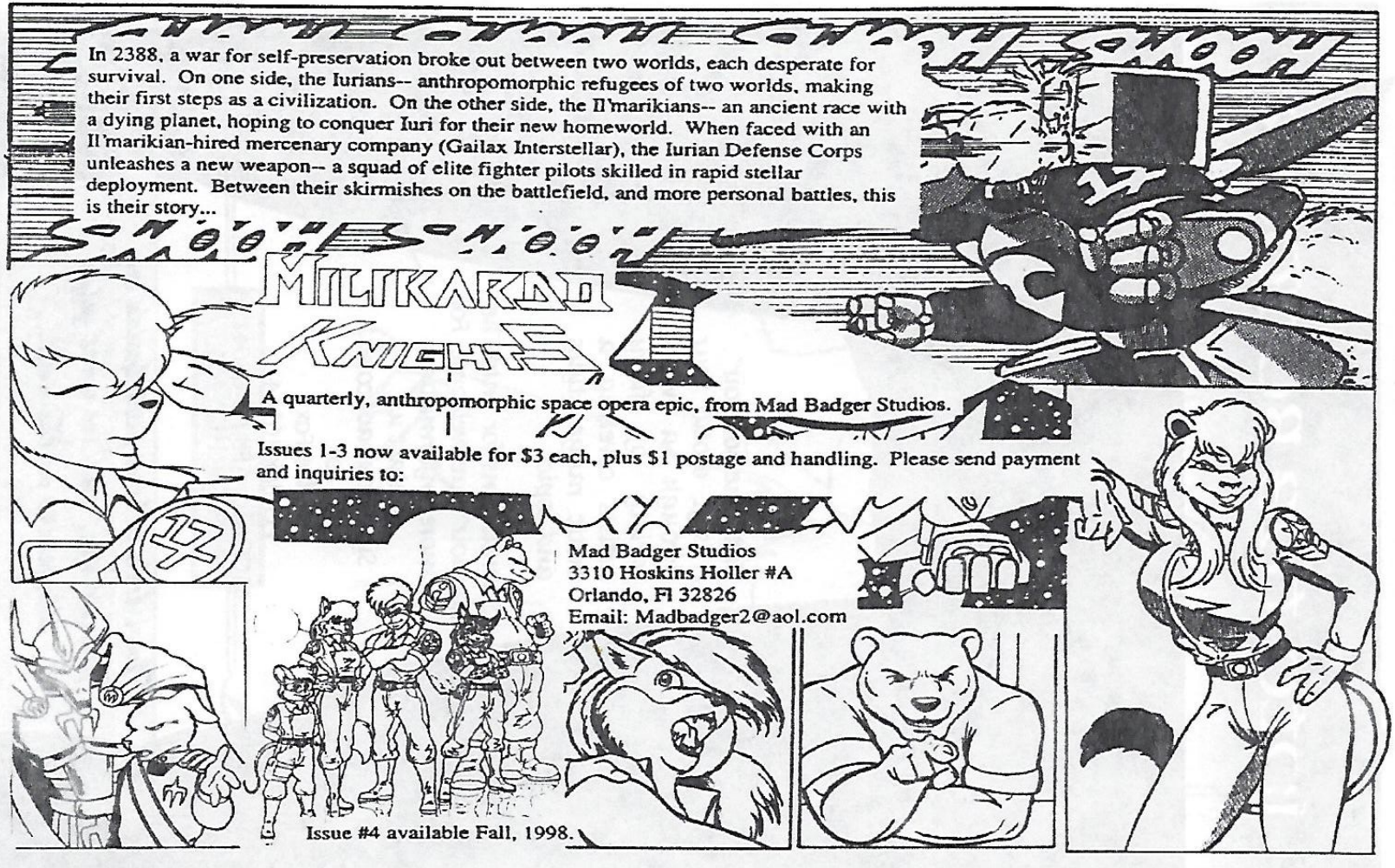
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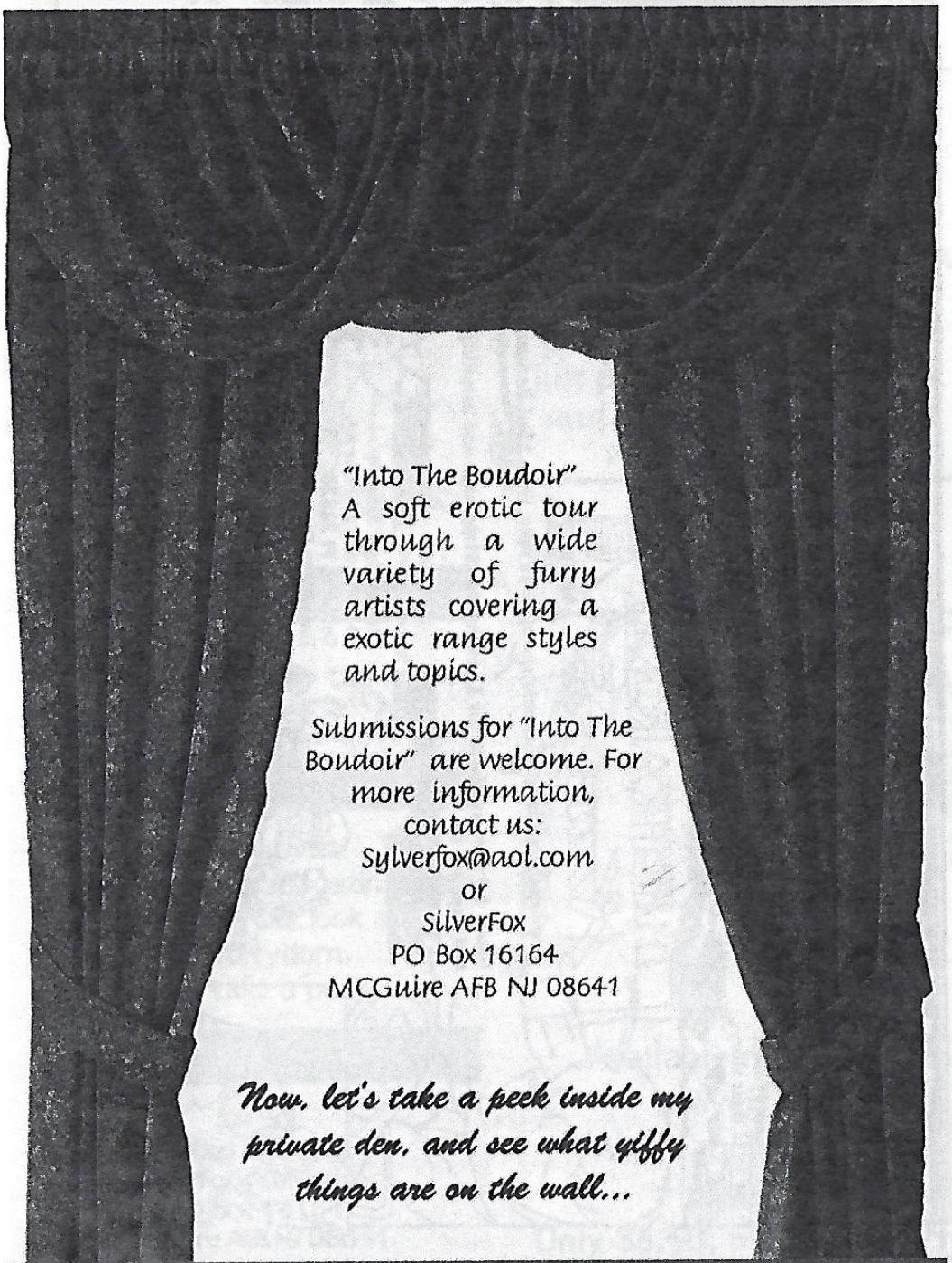
Into the Boudoir



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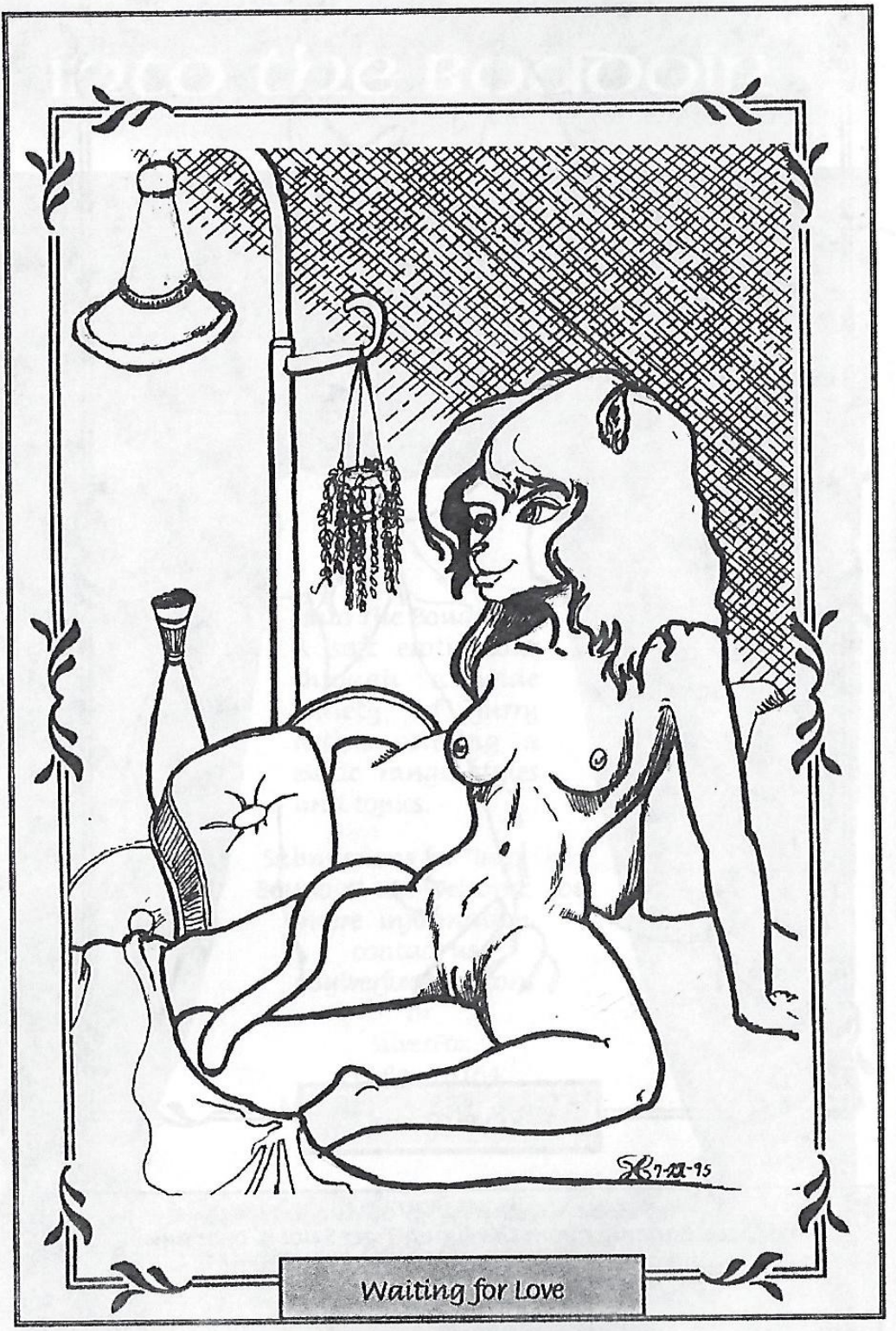
Now, let's take a peek inside my private den, and see what yiffy things are on the wall...

Revelation

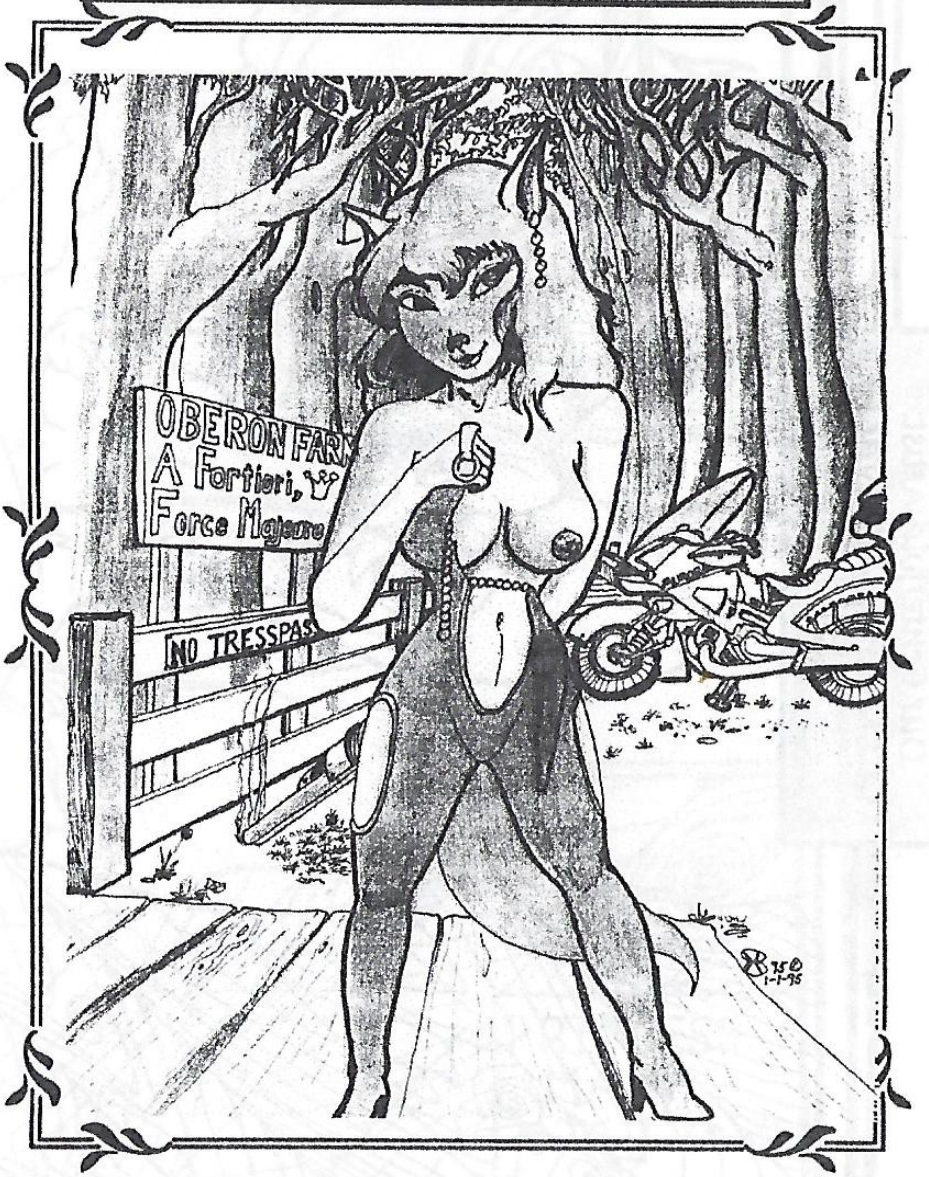
Brom Bear
Our illustrious bartender from the Flying Tiger Saloon, once again helping a customer show her best...uhm, assets!!
BromBear@aol.com



Waiting for Love

Albert M. Rainwater

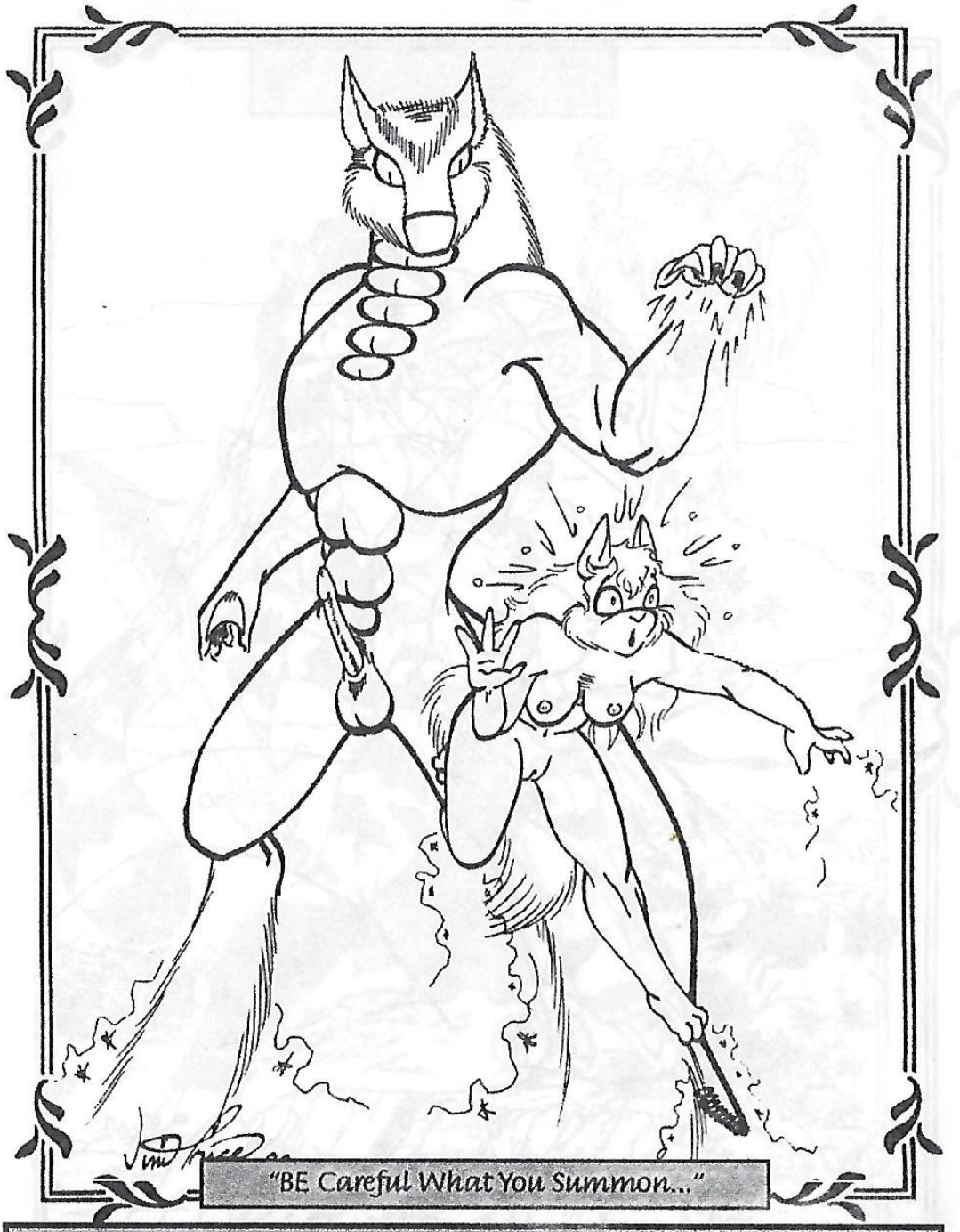
Al was a dear friend and fellow artist of my acquaintance. Hell, he was a very close friend. And he passed away a number of years ago now. But in his memory, I continue to publish his legacy: the art he left me. I promised you, Al. I'd never let you be forgotten, old friend.



Hidden hideaway

Our Centerfold Artist:
Matt McAndrews of Star Line Studios!

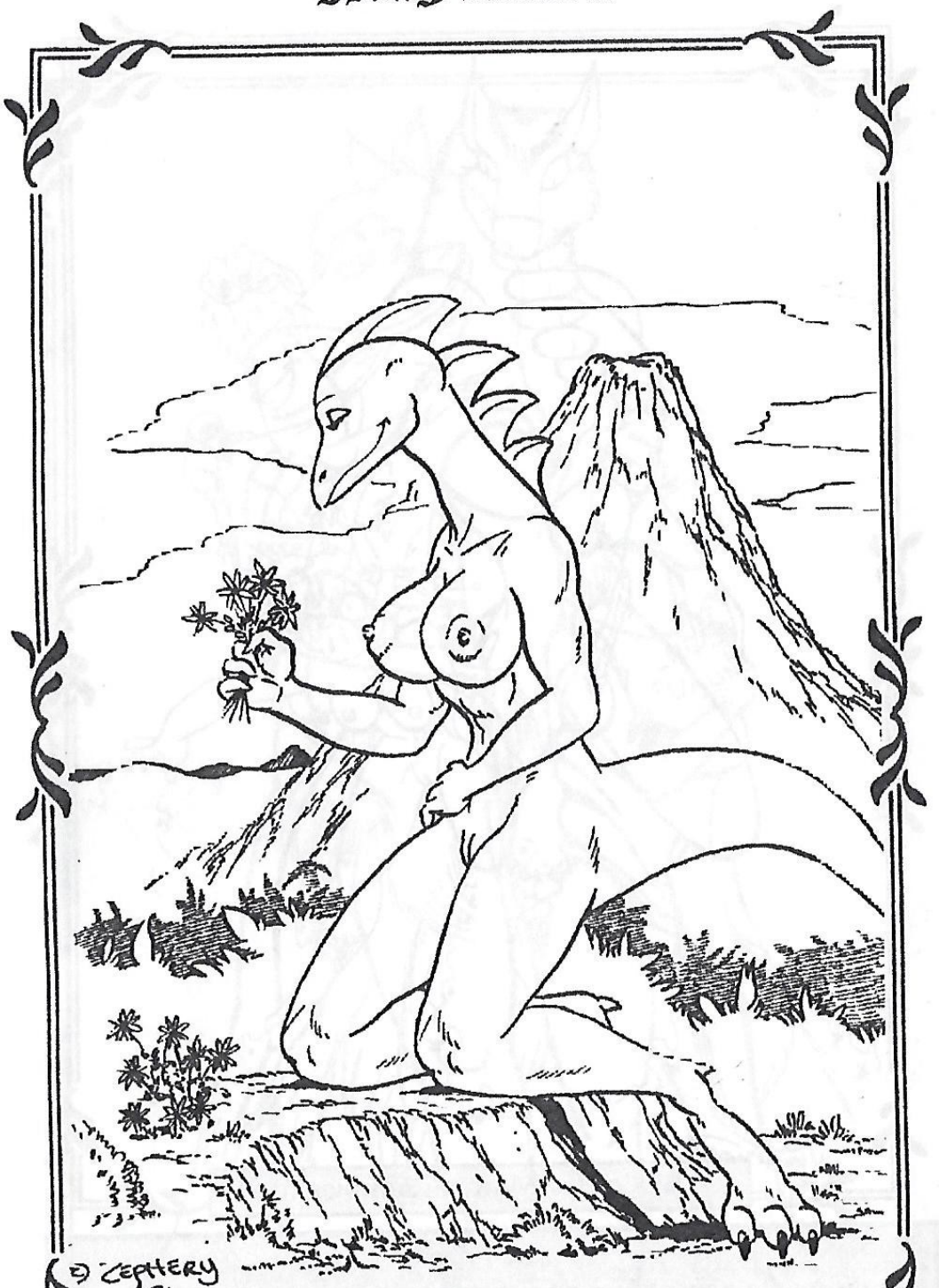
What'd ya expect..?



"BE Careful What You Summon..."

Jim Price

Jim is an old paw at furrydom, and is once again returning to the pages of SilverFox. Known for his bunnies (inside joke, folks..) Jim is also appearing in his own SilverFox book "Not Just Any Price". The complete saga of the feline sorceress and the chromatic demon above can be found in that book



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Zephrey Hughes

An artist who has appeared several times in our previous publications, Zephrey brings a unique interpretation to the furs he illustrates.

Zephrey Hughes, 1337 Garrison St. St Louis MO 63106

"Well, it stareted out innocent enough..."

Bryan M. Lion

BryanLion is an on-line friend and companion who does some of the best parody work I have ever seen (which, of course, we can't publish here, lest we get sued by several large corporations!) But he also has a whole continuum of other furs that inhabit the rich playing fields of his mind, which can be seen in our new art book, "Views from Another Rality"

Watching Tracy Swim

Coon Skin

Interested?

Jack Furlong

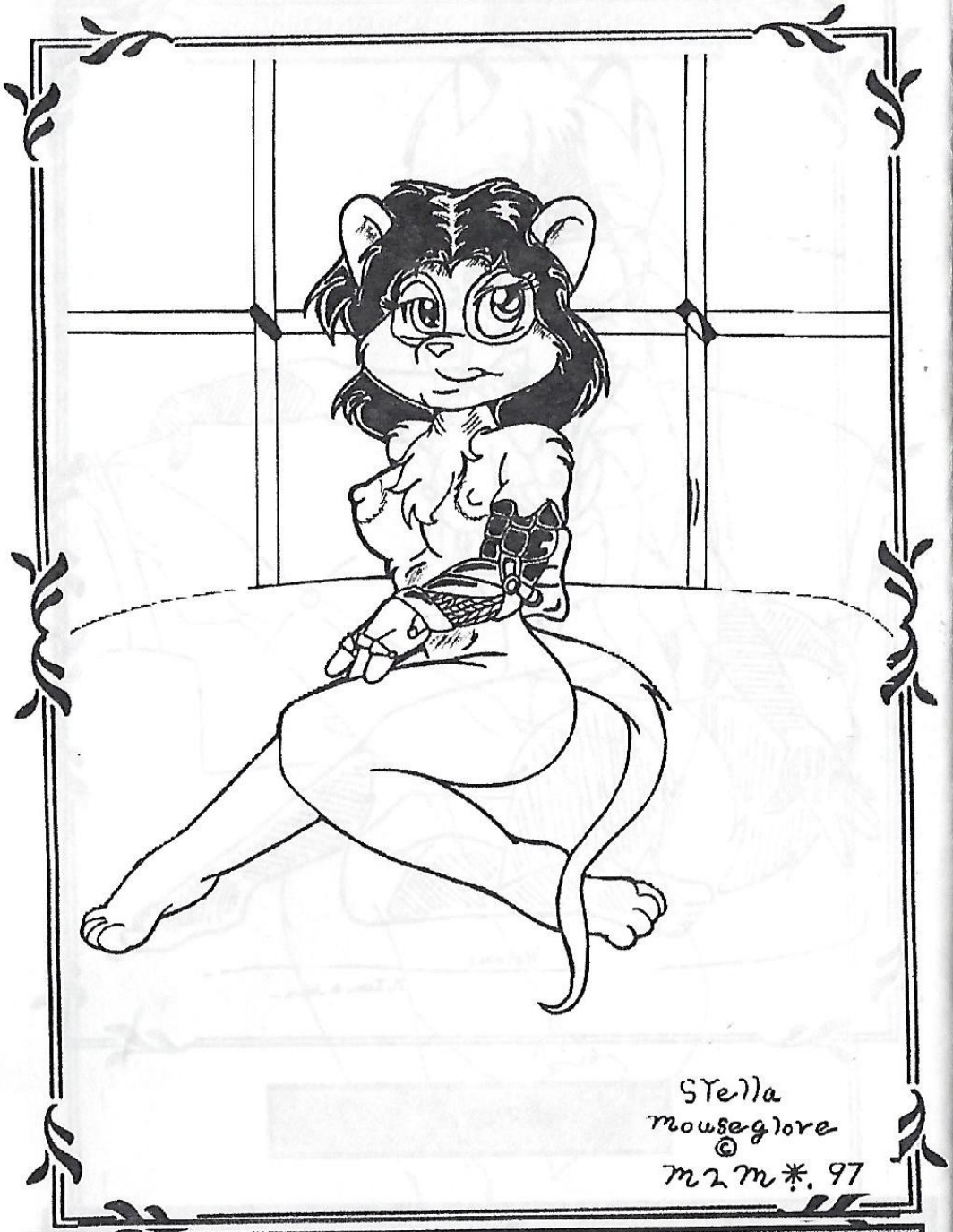
Hillbluffer, the big Florida bear, was kind enough to come through in a pinch. He, and his lovely wife Tina, also make specialized furry jewel-

Wanna Play Bunny Hop?

Ratchel

Dean A. Johnson

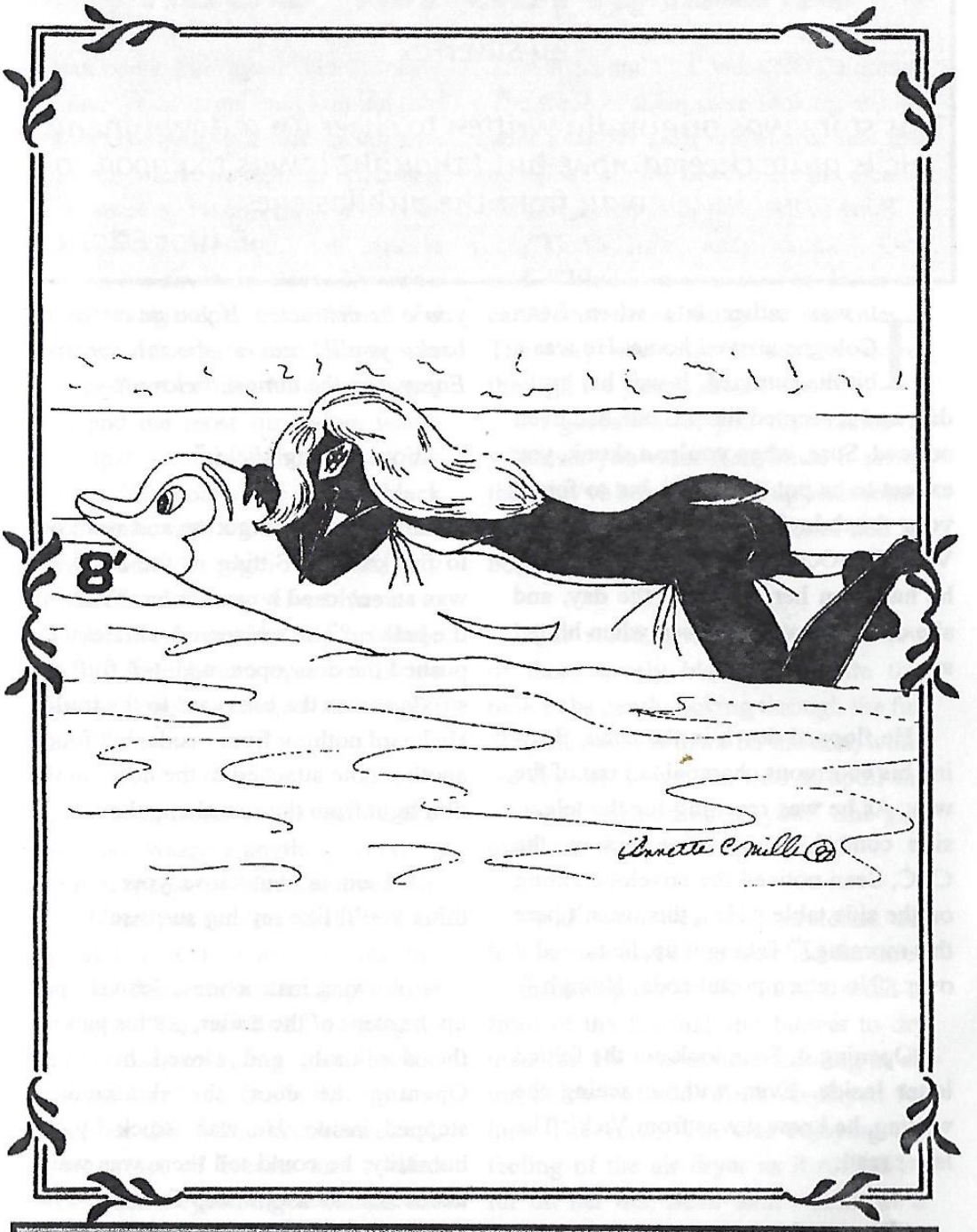
Dean is a perennial contributor to FURST and NewFurrottica, as well as our new magazine AlFurnatives. Sweet and sexy, hot and yiffy, I hope his lovlies will be with us for a long time to come!



Matt McAndrews

Our Star Line Studios friend gives us another sweet lady to grace our pages!

Look for his books "StarLine Phantasies", starring many of his wonderful furry femmes being nice and naughty!



Annette C. Miller

The Penguin Lady returns, bring us one more of her lovely Antarctic femmes to enjoy!!

A Surprise for Sean

by SilverFox

This story was originally written to cheer up a down friend. He is quite cheered now, but I thought it was too good to hide away from the public's eyes.

-Editor E'lantii

It was rather late when Sean Cologne arrived home. He was a bit discouraged. It was his birthday, and it seemed like no one had even noticed. Sure, when you're a skunk, you expect to be put on a little, but to forget your birthday? Even his girlfriend, Vicki VonOder didn't remember, since he had seen her earlier in the day, and she didn't mention it, even when hinted at.

He flopped down in the chair, fluffing his enormous charcoal tail out of the way. As he was reaching for the television control to see what was on the CBC, Sean noticed the envelope sitting on the side table. "Hey, this wasn't here this morning?" Taking it up, he turned it over. "No return postal code. Humph."

Opening it, Sean took out the folded letter inside. Even without seeing the writing, he knew it was from Vicki. The letter read:

"Dearest Sean,

No, I didn't forget your birthday. I just wanted you to think I did so that you'd be distracted. If you go out in the back, you'll find a special surprise. Enjoy it to the utmost, beloved!

Your Loving Vicki."

Intrigued, Sean got up and went out to the kitchen. Sitting in the backyard was an enclosed house trailer. "What in the hell.....?" he whispered, clueless. He pushed the door open, and, tail fluffing, strode across the backyard to the trailer. He heard nothing from inside, but found another note attached to the door. In the dim light from the streetlamp, he read it.

"Go on in, but close your eyes. I think you'll like my big surprise!"

Following instructions, Sean slipped up the steps of the trailer, put his paw on the doorknob, and closed his eyes. Opening the door, the skunkmorph stepped inside. He was struck by the humidity; he could tell there was water inside. He took one step forward, eyes still closed, when a soft and sultry voice said, "That's far enough, you big skunk stud. Your lovely lady, Vicki, sends her regards and this as a present." Her voice

was unfamiliar to Sean. He'd half expected Vicki to be inside. "Open your eyes!"

Sean opened his eyes. Wide!! Inside the trailer was a large, bubbling hot tub. Unusual enough, but the occupants were even more intriguing. The first was a slender vixen, dark ebon fur breasted with crimson, her muzzle pointed in his direction. Secondly was a beautiful rabbit doe, gray furred and muscular, with what Sean thought was the longest set of ears he'd ever seen. Lastly, and the most surprising, was a femme that resembled him! A skunk like girl, with a coat of the deepest black and ice white, with a tail that curled out of the tub onto the edge. All in all, they were three of the loveliest (next to Vicki) furs he'd ever had the privilege to lay his deep brown eyes on. In his eloquence, he managed a quick, "wha....?"

The vixen stood up, revealing that she was not wearing anything to cover that vast expanse of black and red fur. "I'm E'lantii, but you can call me Tii." She gestured next to her, causing her breasts to do a most amazing set of oscillations. "This is Chirk," as the gray rabbitess rose, revealing that she too was in the fur, "and Qui'relle, but you can call her Qui'" The skunkess stood, showing a set of breasts that rivaled Vicki's! Sean's eyes bulged out (as did his slacks). "We're you're birthday gift from Vicki. Our bosses, SilverFox and Greyfur, gave permission for us to be sent to you for an evening of erotic entertainment."

When Sean came to, he was lying next to the hot tub, where he saw that Tii, Chirk, and Qui' were NOT a dream. The three of them were looking at him, with looks of such undeniable lust that he could hardly believe it. He cleared his throat and said, "Uh, All of you?"

"That's right, sexy skunk!" Qui' said. "What ever you want to do, or we can devise some things on our own..." The way she said it sent a shiver through the young skunk's body.

"I guess I'll let you sexy ladies do whatever you want then, since it seems that you've already come up with something." He saw a conspiratorial nod go between the three.

Qui' stood, giving him another view of those lovely black and white tits, pink nubs gently poking through the fur. "Lay down over there on the mat, while we dry off. It wouldn't do to spoil the moment by dripping on you." She giggled, "At least, not drip water...."

Sean went over and stretched out like he was told as he watched the three of them step out of the tub and stand in front of the thermal and blower to dry their fur. He was almost drooling at all the pulchritudinous flesh displayed for him. The vixen, Tii, was enjoying the feeling of the air dryer as it ruffled he fur on her tits. Sean didn't think he'd ever seen nipples erect so far before. Chirk, the rabbitess, was even more adventurous. She was standing with her female mound directly over a dryer jet,

and Sean could hear her moaning. All of a sudden she stiffened, and slumped back onto Qui'relle. The mephit girl was quick to take advantage of it and slid a paw down to Chirk's damp pussy, sliding a finger into the soaking rabbit.

Sean had a hard time catching his breath as all three of them turned to him, away from their solitary pleasures. Tii, who seemed to be the ringleader of the little group, said, "Ready, Mr. Cologne?" At his nod, they advanced. Stopping right in front of him, they again looked between each other. "Hmmn," Chirk said. "Can't have any fun wearing those!" The rabbit doe pointed to his shorts. "Qui', would you do the honors?"

"With pleasure!!" The dark black furred skunkette knelt next to Sean and with gentle paws (which also softly probed at what was underneath the fabric) slid his zipper down and tugged the shorts. "I'm having a hard time with these!" she giggled, finally managing to get the waistband over Sean's erection.

When the birthday skunk's penis slid into view, Qui'relle gasped. "O mi fa!" she whispered, "I've never seen one so big!" One of her paws continued to slide down his shorts, over his overloaded balls, while the other dipped between her thighs. Sean could hear the squish of an overheated cunt being fondled, and almost brought the fun to a premature conclusion. Lifting his legs, Chirk and Tii managed to get his shorts off, while Qui' continued to softly pant and moan, looking at his equipment.

Laying there nude, like the three fems, Sean wondered how long he was going to be able to hold out. Tii seemed to be reading his mind. She knelt by his side, those beautiful tits mere centimeters from his face, and said, "What's wrong, lover? A little over-excited?" Her soft paw reached out and stroked his face while he felt another paw on the steaming shaft at his groin. His tiny whimper was all the vixen needed to know. From her bag, she produced a small device that looked like a walkfur. "Hold still a minute. You, too, bunny girl, if you don't want to be a lot whiter!" A giggle from the area near his feet.

E'lantii slipped the circular device onto Sean's forehead. Clicking it on, she bent down and pressed her muzzle alongside his, whispering, "Now go ahead and do whatever you want. That little device comes from my homeworld, Voxxa. It'll suppress the exhaustion reflex for up to 12 hours. You can try and satisfy us now, as many times as you like...." Her muzzle pressed into his, tongue parting his slackening lips as his arms went around her neck.

Off to one side, he heard a squeak, and cast an eye over just in time to see Qui'relle hit her first climax of the night. The skunkette fell over, paw still tucked between legs. "Ohh, he's so....bigggg....." E'lantii looked at him.

"She really gets off on big cocks. You must be something special!!" E'lantii's violet eyes bored into his.

"We'll, Master. Your loving servants will now see to your every pleasure and desire." She stood, and Sean felt the paw leave his tender part. Between the two of them, Chirk and Tii were able to get the half-coherent Qui'relle to her pads as well.

All three stood for a moment looking over their lover for the night. Flat out, Sean was a hunk! His thick charcoal gray fur could not hide the strong muscles that lay underneath. And unlike the Voxxan males, or those of Qui's world, Sean had no 'sheath' hiding his cock. The entire of the stiff, quivering shaft was exposed to their view. Sean saw Chirk run her tongue over the edge of her muzzle as she stared at it. Sean's tail, carefully caught up behind him, made a nice, comfortable cushion as he waited for the end to come, and for these beautiful femmes to descend like the Valkyires of old.

With a blur of paws, the three ladies played a quick game of "Rock/Paper/Shears" Chirk clapped her paws, winning. Tii and Qui'relle matched again, leaving poor E'lantii out. She didn't look to disheartened though. She grabbed Chirk around the waist, and led her toward Sean's lower half. "Sean, Chirk will be the first to mate you tonight. Please, lay back and enjoy it, as you'll need to stay still and save your strength." With a little jiggle she shook her tits in Sean's face, giggling when his tongue managed to catch an erect pink nub. "You're going to need it, skunk boy!"

Chirk, the gorgeous rabbit girl, knelt over his groin, her crotch almost scraping his cock. "Ready?" she said, panting. He nodded. She reached a paw down between her thighs, and let it gently slide up his erection. Sean had to think of great hockey games in order to keep from decorating Chirk's thigh-fur with premature liquid skunks. She was ever so gentle, and he soon felt the delectable feeling of her female opening parting around the head of him. The rabbit shuddered, catching her lower lip up in her rather endowed front teeth ass she slowly sank down onto Sean's prick.

To the skunk, Chirk was like a blazing liquid furnace, slowly swallowing him to the very edge. "Damn!!" he thought. "Even Vicki had trouble taking me all the way the first time!" He believed it though, when the velvety lips of Chirk's bunny-cunt touched the very base of his cock. She let out an enormous breath, shuddering in ecstasy as she sat on him, just enjoying the feeling of being so filled with Sean. Chirk was already hovering on the edge of an enormous come, and didn't want to lose her place in line. After all, she had been the winner....

While Sean got use to the feeling of a beautiful bunny wrapped around his skunkhood, E'lantii grabbed Qui'relle's paw and led her forward to stand behind Sean's head. "Here's the other half of your fun, sir. While Qui' looks a lot like you, she's not from here. She's a

La'hanni, and you'll find out there's a very big difference!!" E'lantii and Qui' giggled, before the black and white femme knelt net to his muzzle. "Well, stripes? Think you're hungry enough?" Her paw stroking the inside of her thigh, and the spicy aroma of her arousal made it very clear what she meant. He smiled, and held his arms up to her.

Qui' flipped one leg over him, so she was facing him while straddling his neck. "I hope you enjoy it, stripes!" She was giggling for a reason Sean couldn't comprehend, so he simply grabbed her by the soft cheeks of her furry ass and pulled the La'han girl forward. His muzzle stopped a scant couple of millimeters from her female opening. Her scent was unlike anything he'd ever scented. It was intoxicating, and Sean was an instant addict. It even took his mind (mostly) off the fact that a gray bunny girl was impaled on him, holding a still as if she were in a hunter's spotlight in order to not explode in an overwhelming climax.

Sean flashed his tongue out, gently laving the velvety edges of Qui's pussy. Her juice was as addictive as her scent, and the skunk went after it with a gusto. Qui'relle moaned and shuddered above him, her tail flipping as she felt the sensations of Sean's intense oral ministrations. "Ohhhh, keeeppp... it up.... stripes!" she whispered, thighs tightening in reflex around him.

Down lower, Chirk had finally started into motion. Sean had already felt her velvety vice tighten around him spastically once. The thought of "nothing fucks like a bunny!" came to mind, and he was determined to make the best of every minute of it. The skunk pressed upward as she came down, and was rewarded by hearing her gasp and feeling her tighten up in climax around him again. "A couple more of those and I'm going to be in trouble!!" he thought, feeling the beginnings of his own climax starting.

Sean's paws cupped the soft furry rump of the La'han squatting on his muzzle. With a little effort, he managed to drive his tongue inside her tight portal, revealing that Qui'relle was NOT a virgin. Her whimpering increased as he continued his exploration of her most intimate area, even occasionally delving between the cheeks of her rump to catch the tiny brown bud of her asshole. Qui's flow increased, and he could hear her whining, "Ohh, are.... you in... for a .....sur..... ohh!.... prise!!" Her thighs tightened around him until he thought he'd die from lack of air. He redoubled his efforts to bring the ebony skunkette to an explosion.

He was rewarded quickly. With a strangled cry, Qui'relle shouted, "Goddess!! I'mm.....cumming!!!" Her paws gripped at her own tits, while her mound ground onto Sean's soaked muzzle. What happened next threw Sean completely, though. As Qui' climaxed, she jetted a fine mist of something onto his muzzle. Now, Sean was used to the fact that his kind could spray, but this

was NOT what he was used to! When the scent reached him, it sent his body into instant erotic overload!

Sean thrust upward hard into Chirk, actually penetrating the tip of his now-enlarged cock into her cervix as he exploded into her. Jet after boiling jet of steaming skunk flashed through him and into Chirk, who responded by with a back-arching, spine-breaking orgasm all her own. All he heard from her was one tiny squeak, so the scream he heard had to have come from his own muzzle! Qui'relle fell off to one side, exhausted, allowing Sean the opportunity to grip Chirk by the hips and pound into her bunnyhood furiously, the throes of climax threatening to bring him into black out.

When he finally collapsed, roughly three minutes later (or possibly three centuries...), Chirk collapsed on top of him, their muzzles meshing. Surprisingly, Sean was as horny as he had been at the start. But poor Chirk was definitely down for the moment. With a plop, she rolled over beside him, his still-erect shaft leaving her with a squelch.

Sean looked over to Qui'relle, only to find her cuddled down as well. His glance showed E'lantii, watching him, a fire in her eyes. "Enjoy yourself, master?" she said, the depth of her voice revealing the intensity of her arousal.

"I've never..." he started, only to stop. How to describe the most intense sexual rush he'd ever had.

"You can thank Qui' for that. I told you the two of you were different. The La'hanni sex drive is so hard and fast that their scent drives all other sentients to a sexual frenzy. She's hell at parties!" Tii giggled, one paw lazily caressing her now-spread thighs, touching her own damp twat. "Still raring to go, skunky boy?" she whimpered.

Sean shook his head affirmative.

"Okay then. It's MY turn now!" E'lantii slid out of the chair onto the floor, going to her paws and knees. "Well, I think ladies choice is appros po, don't you?" she said, turning around so her tail side was to him. With erotic slowness, she lifted her tail, revealing her beautiful femaleness to Sean's eyes (and randy rod, which throbbed in anticipation!). "Okay, stripes. I want you like this."

As he started to kneel behind her, she whispered once more.

"I want that big cock up my ass!"

End One

giggle!
The Characters of Sean Cologne and Vicki VonOder are copyrighted by Sean Wilkinson, Chirk by Richard "Greyfur" Brooks, and E'lantii and Qui'relle are SilverFox Publications
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More to "come" in a future issue!!

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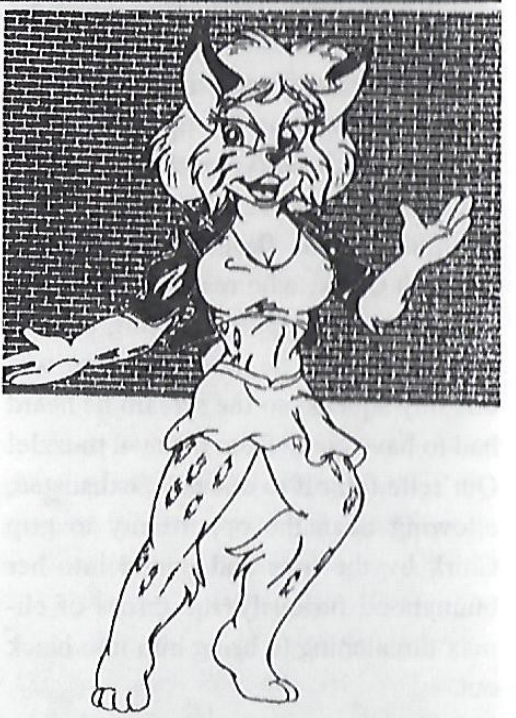

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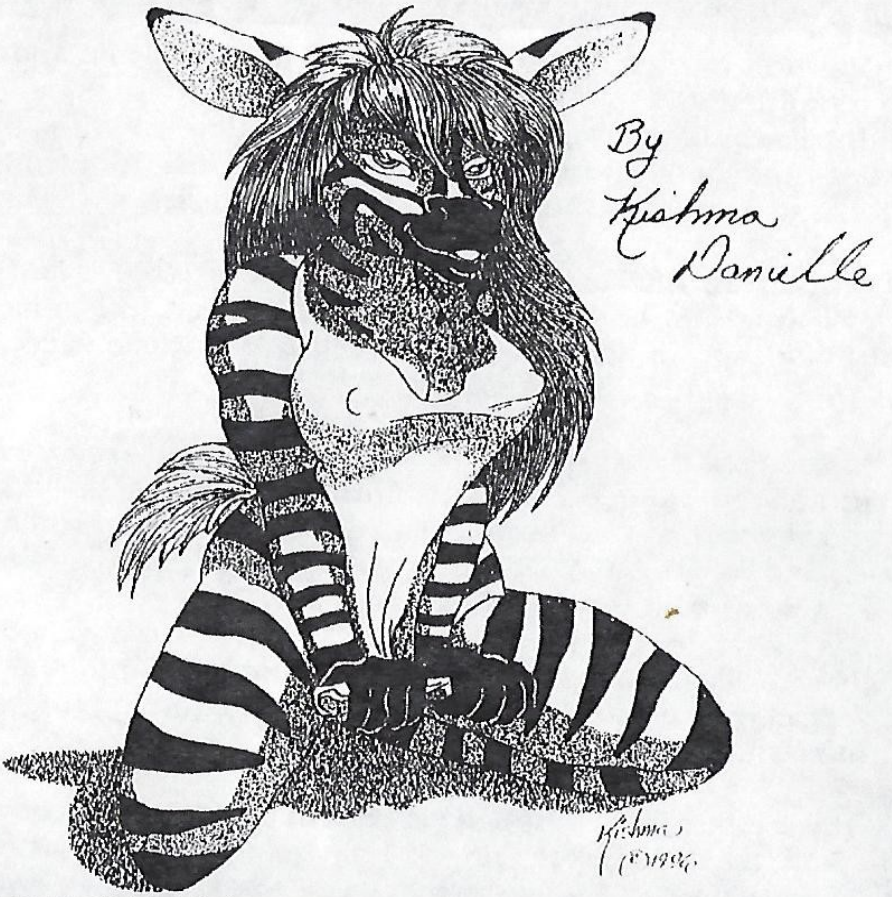

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Lifting The Tail

It's what's underneath that counts..

Hugs and nuzzles, and a lift of the tail to all of you!!! Another issue completed and in the box, so to speak!!*giggle!*
I didn't really have a topic to talk about this time, so I thought I'd toss out a random stream of consciousness to you all... wondering if anything I say is actually making a difference out there.

Write to us, and tell us what you think of FURST, NewFurrottica, AlFurnatives, and our other productions. We'd like to know what you think. Are we doing everything you ask? Is there ways we could improve?? I'd really like to know.

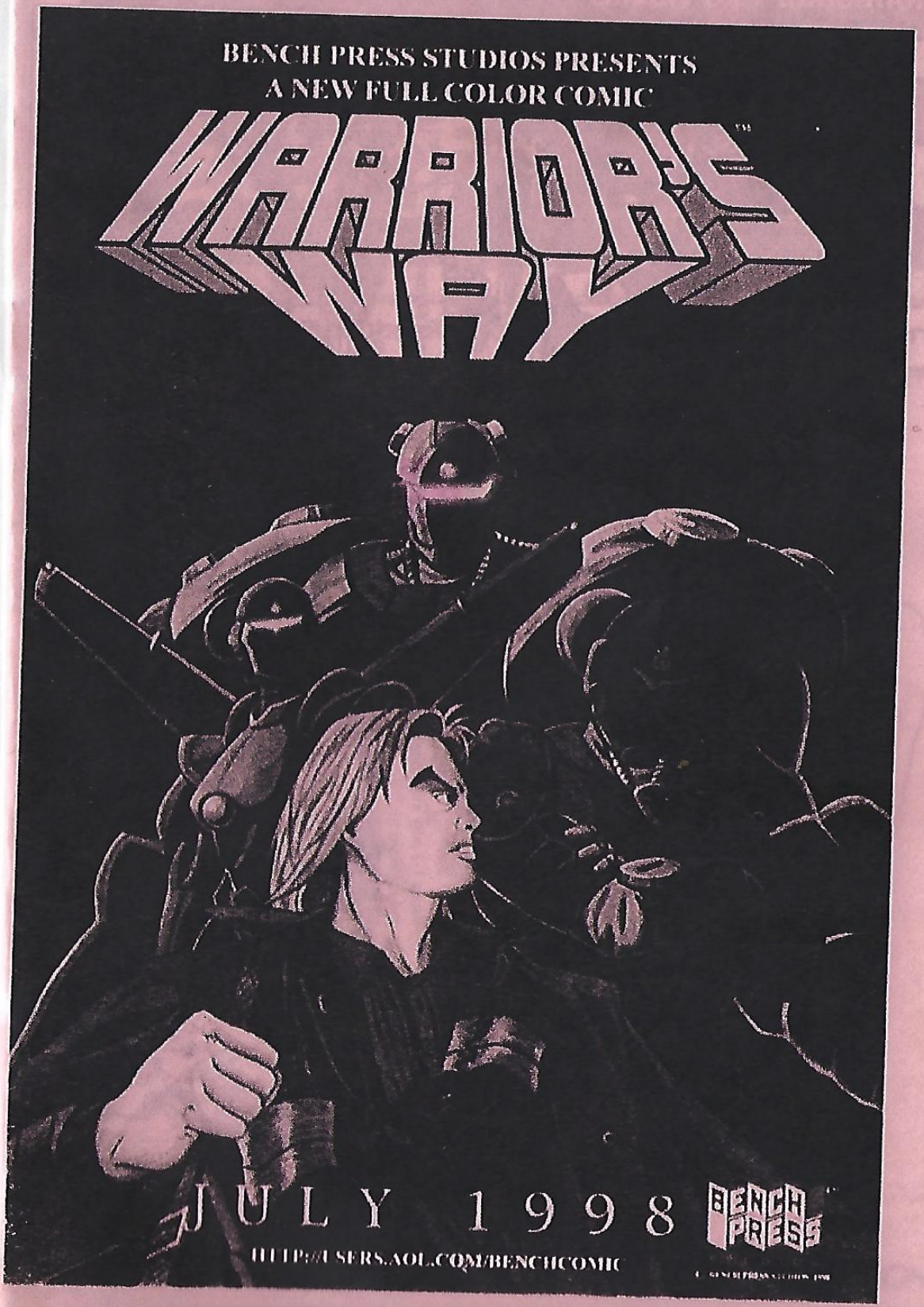
Anybody out there interested in writing for us?? Sylver says we are desperately running low on written material. Our wonderful artists are very good about keeping us supplied, (even though we are still a little low there..), but we are ALWAYS looking for new and experienced talent to help us out!! How about it?? Wanna try your paws?

Oh, just where did the term "spooge" originate for furrydom? Or "yiffy" (one of my favorites..). I cannot find a real central origin for this, but it caught my interest.....

Why is it that every time you get right in the middle of a good love session, the damn phone rings?? I am going to pull it out of the wall one of these days...

I just caught an article on nudity and naturism on the tele. Wow, would be fun to run around in just my fur all day.... wonder what it is like? Anyone out there can give us a first paw report?? I know that it isn't a long sex orgy; these places are for families and prides, for goodness sakes! So let me know what it's like, if you have some experience.
Enough of my babbling. I'm starting to sound like Harlan Ellison....

Your devoted Editor Vixen, and all around horny babe!!
E'lantii!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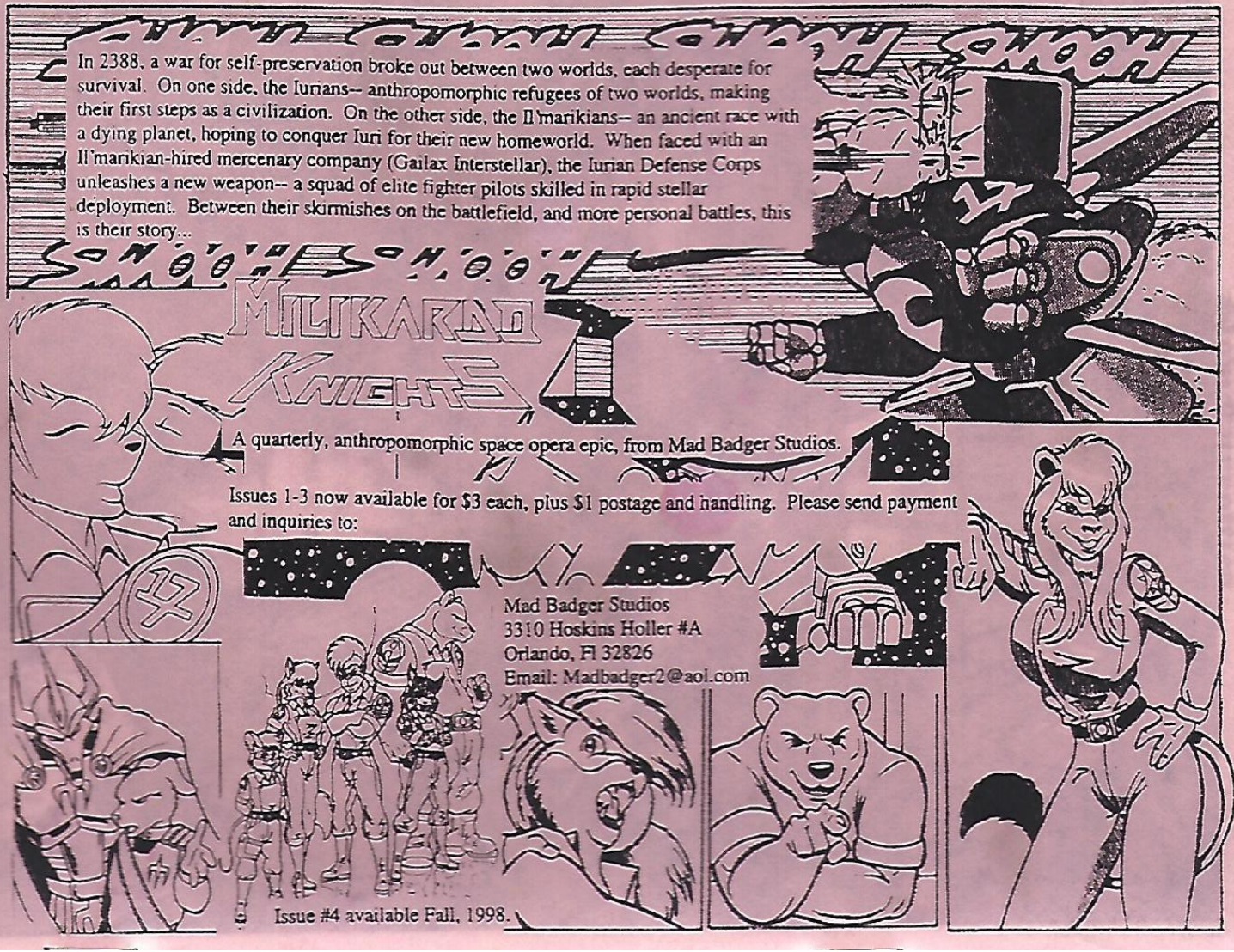
In 2388, a war for self-preservation broke out between two worlds, each desperate for survival. On one side, the Iurians-- anthropomorphic refugees of two worlds, making their first steps as a civilization. On the other side, the Il'marikians-- an ancient race with a dying planet, hoping to conquer Iuri for their new homeworld. When faced with an Il'marikian-hired mercenary company (Gailax Interstellar), the Iurian Defense Corps unleashes a new weapon-- a squad of elite fighter pilots skilled in rapid stellar deployment. Between their skirmishes on the battlefield, and more personal battles, this is their story...
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Issue #4 available Fall, 1998.